

Children's Newspaper

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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JEANNE D'ARC'S FLAG IS SEEN AGAIN

JOAN'S FLAG FLIES AGAIN

FOCH SALUTES THE STAINLESS MAID

Banner Waving in Orleans Once More

THE WONDER OF FIVE HUNDRED YEARS

The flag of Joan of Arc has been seen again in the streets of France. It has been waving high in the streets of Orleans, as in the days of her victory.

It must have been a thrilling sight to see, for Marshal Foch was there, saluting the flag of the Stainless Maid. It was all like a scene of five hundred years ago. Think what was happening then.

The English were besieging Orleans, and their great fortified towers around the town blocked the king's road to Rheims. To drive them from these towers and raise the siege was the first thing commanded of Joan.

They gave her a standard of white and gold, and on it was embroidered the portrait of Christ. All through her triumphs, to the end of her days, she bore with her own hands this standard of the Light of the World.

Dazzling Figure in White

The king would have given her a sword, but she asked that someone would go to a certain church and bring a sword that was buried behind the altar there, and they went and found the sword and brought it. It is said that through all the battles which she led she never struck a blow.

She was put at the head of all the king's armies. She had power over all his generals and captains, and in April, 1429, she led them to Orleans. She must have looked a heavenly figure, clad in armour of dazzling white. The peasants pressed about her horse to touch the hem of her garment. All through her life the simple folk believed in her; it was the generals and the priests who stood in her path and pestered her and thwarted her.

Having reached Orleans she sent a letter to the English, asking for the keys of all the good towns they had taken by violence in God's France, and begging them to leave the kingdom.

Flag of White and Gold

If they would not believe her she would make her way, "and make so great a commotion as has not been in France for a thousand years." The King of Heaven would send more strength to the Maid than the English could bring against her in all their assaults, but if they would act according to reason the English might still come in her company, "where the French will do the greatest work that has ever been done for Christianity."

The English mocked her, as her own generals did; they sent their fierce

The Flag That Stirs the World



May 24—Flag Day

The flag that braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze

defiance to the dairymaid, and bade her go back to her cows.

But words were almost the only weapons the English fought Joan with in the siege of Orleans. She led her troops up towards them, and the battle swayed this way and that, but never did the English fire when Joan came on.

They stood still and trembled before this dazzling figure in white armour. The arrows flew about her, and she cried with the pain as she drew one from her body with her own hand, but this figure in white, bearing the flag of white and gold, must have awed the English in the towers. She led her troops as one man to the wall. They flung themselves against it, and the English fled.

It was like a bolt from the blue. The siege of seven months was raised in eight days. Joan of Domremy was Maid of Orleans.

The news flew from end to end of France. The king and all his fops were staggered. The priests could hardly

believe. The generals were struck dumb. Joan urged the king on to Rheims; but they were all afraid. The king held long councils, but Joan rapped hard at the door, burst into the room, and cried: "Noble Dauphin, why should you hold such tedious councils?"

The court was impatient with this country girl. Not even Orleans could justify her in their eyes. There was plenty of time, said the Dauphin, and then Joan said one of the saddest things she ever said: "I shall only last a year; use me as long as you can."

It was true: she lasted only a year. Then they burned her; an English Army burned her. It was the saddest thing our country ever did. Now the Church that sent her to the fire—her own Church in France—is making her a saint, and the English who condemned her look on in pride to think that Foch stood there, saluting Joan, as Marshal of France and Field Marshal of England too. Truly, time has worked a wonder.

PU-YI

LAST EMPEROR OF CHINA

What is Happening to a Famous Boy

TO MARRY A GIRL HE HAS NEVER SEEN

The last Emperor of China began his reign when he was a baby two years old. That was twelve years ago. When he was five he was deposed, and China became a republic. Since then we have not heard anything of this boy who, in name at least, was the ruler of the second most populous empire.

But the British ambassador, Sir John Jordan, who has represented Britain in China through the last 14 eventful years, and has now retired, has arrived home, and he brings interesting news about the Chinese boy who, as an infant, was the last of the Chinese emperors.

Pu-yi, now a boy of 14, is described by Sir John Jordan as very intelligent and most eager to learn about other countries. He has been treated with kindness by the republican Chinese, but they have never allowed him to leave the Forbidden City in the middle of Peking. There he is taught every day by an English tutor, Mr. Johnson.

A Good English Hand

Sir John Jordan has had a letter from Pu-yi, written in English in a beautiful hand, quite a model for English boys of fourteen.

The strangest thing about this solitary lad is that a marriage has been arranged for him, after the Chinese fashion, with a daughter of the President of the Chinese Republic. She also knows English, for she is being educated in America. The two young folks have not yet seen each other.

The Chinese have many ways that seem curious to us, but how odd is this marrying of the boy emperor to the President's daughter!

English people, young and old, will feel a warm interest in this lad, born of a line of kings, and will hope he may yet see more of the world he longs to understand. *Photograph on page 12*

RIDE ABOVE A PRECIPICE

Prince's Thrilling Day

The Prince has had a thrilling motor ride in New Zealand, across a precipitous mountain pass 3700 feet high. There were thirty cars in the party, with the Prince leading.

They wound 10 miles round a narrow and dangerous path, with amazingly sharp curves and banks descending sheer into stony valleys, but the drivers turned their cars as to the manner born, and the Prince seemed to care nothing for the danger and everything for the thrill.

Once the cars did a right-about turn on the edge of a ledge with a drop of 2000 feet sheer below, and not enough room for the cars to pass.

WILL THE HARVESTS FEED US?

WORLD'S BREAD FOR 1920

Countries with Corn to Spare and Countries that Need It

HOW THE BALANCE IS STRUCK

By an Economic Expert

Men of all nations still chiefly live on the grass seed we call corn. So true it is that "all flesh is grass."

The aristocrat of the grass family is wheat. Wheat bread is now a commonplace in our own country, even to the poor, but a century ago it was anything but that.

Although daily bread seems such a commonplace thing, it is really a sort of miracle. We do not produce our own bread, but only a small part of it. In the current wheat year—the twelve months which carry us up to next harvest—we shall require for the bread of our 47 million people over 35 million quarters of wheat (a quarter being 480 pounds). That is about a pound a day for every man, woman, and child in the country. Of this enormous quantity we have produced probably only nine million quarters, so that 26 million have to come from overseas.

Need of the World

Britain is the chief wheat-importing country of the world. How fortunate it is for us, therefore, that there are some countries which produce more bread than they can eat! There are other countries which import a great deal of wheat, or rye, and here is what they require in this present corn year.

COUNTRIES WHICH NEED TO BUY CORN

United Kingdom ..	26 million quarters
France	13 million quarters
Italy	12 million quarters
Austria, Hungary, Bohemia	6 million quarters
Germany	5,500,000 quarters
Holland	2,750,000 quarters
Poland	2 million quarters
Other countries need nearly	26 million quarters
Making a total of ..	93 million quarters

Of course, this 93 million quarters is not all that these countries will eat; it is what they will need to import in addition to their own harvests.

Now let us see what countries have wheat and rye to spare to make up other people's harvests.

United States can spare	41 million quarters
Argentina and Uruguay	21 million quarters
Canada	15 million quarters
Australia	12,500,000 quarters
Algeria and Tunis ..	1,000,000 quarters
Rumania and Jugo-Slavia	2,500,000 quarters
This makes up the needed	93 million quarters

So that commerce in corn is really the transfer of bread from a country that can spare it to a country that needs it.

Not Enough for All

In the old days Russia often supplied corn to other countries in Europe, and it is said on good authority that there is a surplus of wheat in Russia this year. Unfortunately we cannot get at it.

We have not given India as a supplier in our list, as the Indian Government has prohibited export because it fears there is only enough for India herself. It is hoped, however, that there may be some Indian wheat to spare. New South Wales is said to have the poorest harvest for 23 years.

The real position of the world with regard to bread this year is that it is short of its requirements. The exporting countries can supply only enough for the barest needs. That is why bread is dear; the demand is greater than the supply.

L. C. M.

HOW TO ENCOURAGE WASTE

Some American milliners, having thought to please the wife of the French President with a hat costing £1000, have received a letter from Mme. Deschanel saying that she could not wear a hat like that. Everybody will be pleased—except the spendthrift milliners.

ODD EFFECT OF THE PEACE TREATY

France Rich in Iron But Poor in Coal

The Peace Treaty has had an extraordinary effect upon coal and iron in France and Germany.

Before the war the iron resources of France and Germany were about equal. Germany before the war produced 27 million tons of iron ore in one year, while France produced 21 million tons.

But most of the German iron was derived from Lorraine, and now that Alsace-Lorraine is restored to France, Germany can produce only about seven million tons in a year, while France can produce 42 million tons.

But that is only part of the story, for iron ore is useless until it is smelted, and to smelt it coal is needed.

It was because France wanted coal for smelting her iron ore that she demanded the Saar Valley coal. That, however, does not solve the problem, for the Saar coal is of a quality which does not make good fuel for blast furnaces.

In order to work the Lorraine furnaces successfully France still needs German coal, and under the Peace Treaty Germany has to deliver a large quantity each year for ten years. Germany, however, is now so short of coal that she is finding great difficulty in meeting the demand, and the result is that the splendid blast furnaces of Lorraine are not producing iron as they used to do.

Coal is the King of Industry, and it is more important to possess good coal than any other material.

A GREAT FIDDLER

Why Do They Come from the East?

Why is it that so many of the greatest fiddlers come from the East of Europe—from Poland, Russia, Hungary, or thereabout? No convincing explanation has been given, but the facts are clear.

Another dazzling player has appeared from that region. Jascha Heifetz, who is quite a youth, has gained a hearing and much applause in America before challenging the opinion of London. That opinion is that he is a fiddler of great promise who may pass into the highest rank.

Photograph on page 12

FLYING BRIDGE

Aerial Liners of the Atlantic

Of course, a bridge in the ordinary sense is never likely to be built across the Atlantic, but by means of giant airships a constant service of aerial liners may be maintained which will practically form a flying bridge between Europe and America.

The story of how an up-to-date monster airship is built is told in My Magazine for June, with splendid photographs showing the structure growing up.

NO SMELLS THERE

Sir Ernest Shackleton has been reminding us that there are no smells in the Antarctic.

He was giving evidence in a case concerning smells at a chemical works, and, denying that the nuisance existed, he said that, having lived in the Antarctic, where there are no smells, he would be the first to notice them here.

C.N. CHILDREN'S FUND

The C.N. fund for starving children in Vienna is now 115,000 shillings, sufficient to provide food for about 62,000 children for one week, or to take 2400 children to Switzerland for three months. All subscriptions are acknowledged direct by post from the Save the Children Fund.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Epsilon	Ep-sil-on
Omikron	Oh-mi-kron
Omega	Oh-meg-ah
Pepys	Peeps
Roubaud	Roo-boh
Venaticorum .. .	Ven-at-ee-kor-um

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

A boy has died at Yarmouth from the effects of a tiny splinter which entered his knee when he fell.

A Marconi dictionary just issued includes 3000 words dealing with wireless telegraphy and telephony.

The first shaft of the restored coal-mines in the French war area has been opened at Aniches, fitted with the latest electrical appliances.

Her Bank

A woman who drew £120 compensation money in Bow County Court sat down in the court and stitched the notes in her bodice.

A Quarter of a Million Fish

The mackerel men of Newlyn, in Cornwall, have been doing very well. One catch yielded over a quarter of a million.

Prince as an Engine-Driver

The Prince of Wales, during his travels in New Zealand, himself drove the locomotive of his train for 18 miles on its way to the capital.

Newspapers Going Up

Over 200 newspapers and periodicals have gone up in price this year owing to the enormous rise in the cost of paper. In one week alone 47 papers have lately raised their price.

Drunkenness Increasing

The total convictions for drunkenness in London for the 17 weeks ending April 25 were 10,524 this year, as against only 3478 in 1918.

The Good Doctor

Everybody will like that generous touch in the will of Dr. Waddington, of Armley, Leeds. He was not very well off, but in his will he freely cancelled all the debts owing to him by poor people.

America's First Cablegram

Edward Bull, who has just died at Guildford, aged 90, was the last survivor of the party that laid the first Atlantic cable. He also received the first cable message from America to England.

Discovered by a Dog

A bricklayer was missing at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, and it was feared he had been killed. His body was found through the sagacity of a sheep dog, which led its master to a reservoir in which the man had been drowned.

The Meanest People

There are still some miserable people about. Lately they have been stealing the lifebelts on the Thames Embankment. Half of them were taken in one week at Chelsea, and seven out of 19 between St. Paul's and Westminster.

MY GRANNIE

And Her Hundred Years

By Her Little Grand-daughter

Dear Editor,

I thought it might interest you to know of my grandma, Mrs. George Durbin, who was one hundred years old on the 30th of April.

She is the loveliest old lady living, and her white hair forms a perfect halo round her head.

The wonderful thing about my grandma is that though old in body she is young mentally, for she talks and laughs as much as ever. Up to just lately she has done very fine needlework, which she cannot do now because her sight is failing.

Out of the hundred years of her life she has lived over sixty at Chew Stoke. If any person in the village is ill, grannie worries all day, wondering if they are better.

The birthday party she had was charming; it was more like a wedding. Practically the whole village came to see her, besides visitors from Bristol, the nearest town.

CHRISTINE RENDALL-DURBIN
Gloucester

SQUARE TREES

A Humorist Meets a Poet

I met a Poet the other day, and he was skipping in the meadows with a reed to his lips, and his long hair blowing out behind him.

I should like to tell you that the lambs were dancing after him; but in truth they were running away from him as fast as they could. One old cow was so frightened that she had leapt a stone wall and was trying to climb up an elm tree, from which the rooks were streaming like greased lightning.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"My dear sir," said the Poet, removing his reed and drawing his sleeve across the moisture on his brow, "is it possible that you have not heard the beautiful good news?"

I begged him to enlighten me.

"Sir," said he, "there are to be square trees."

"You prefer them square?" I asked.

Shakespeare Out of Date

"I won't go so far as that," he made answer; "but I am certainly tired of the round tree. You see, my good sir, Shakespeare and some others have said so much about the ordinary tree that it has been excessively difficult for me to be original; but now that trees are to be grown with square trunks I shall be able to strike out in a new line. Already I feel the sap of poesy rising in my veins. Indeed, I am ready to burst forth at this very moment with the cry,

O woodman, square that tree.

But when I think, my dear sir—"

Here he suddenly lifted the reed to his lips, and, blowing a fantastic note, jumped three times in the air.

"—when I think, my dear sir," he continued, "that by punching a hole in a tree when it is young, and squirting into the orifice a few gallons of aniline dyes, we shall get trees of every colour of the rainbow, I am ready to shriek with the purest joy, seeing before me the inevitable day when Shakespeare will be out of date, and I shall be the world's new singer of an artificial Nature."

Rainbow Trees

At this moment we were joined by Mr. Penn Sil Vania, who was chewing a straw, had his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, and wore his hat over his eyes at the angle of Niagara.

"Say, boss," he exclaimed to the Poet, "I want you to write me a few snappy pomes to advertise my new line of Sheraton sideboards and Chippendale sofas. Do you know, I've got a feller to do better than grow square trees: I've got him to grow trees in the shape of sideboards and sofas; he's going to grow them mauve-coloured, and orange, and pink, and gamboge, and ultramarine, and tango, so that I've nothing to do but cut them down and sell them. I shall grow you dining-room suites and chesterfields, nine-pins, spinning-tops, omnibuses—anything you want. . . . Now, Poet, get busy."

Old and New

He turned on his heel, the Poet got busy, and, as for me, the oaks and elms, the beeches and sycamores, seemed to me most amazingly beautiful. For the first time in my life I saw them as the most lovely and most perfect things growing out of the ancient earth. It seemed a pity to alter them. My poor head reeled to think of forests of sideboards and chairs and sofas.

But one thought comforted me. Nature has a way of holding her own, and I daresay the trees will still grow round.

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT A BEE

The Poison from Its Sting
DOES IT PRESERVE ITS VICTIM
AS WELL AS PARALYSE IT?

From a Professor's Chair

The poison injected when a wasp or a bee stings has a paralysing effect on the nerve-cells of a small victim such as a caterpillar. It acts like chloroform, making the victim unconscious. But its effect does not wear off; it lasts.

Sometimes the stinging is fatal to the victim, and one authority, M. Roubaud, suggests that the poison may act like an antiseptic, preventing the body from rotting. In other words, the presence of the poison may counteract bacteria which cause decomposition. This is likely enough, for the poison contains formic acid, and this is not very far away, chemically, from formol, which is much used as a preservative.

It should also be noted that severestinging by bees seems sometimes to relieve patients suffering from rheumatism.

Now, the particularly interesting point is this, that many predatory wasps make a larder of caterpillars and the like round about their eggs, so that their young may get food when they hatch out, and it is advantageous that this food should remain fresh. The poison secures this when the victim is paralysed, for the cells of the body remain alive.

A French naturalist, M. Hollande, recently examined 23 small caterpillars from the larder of a fury wasp, and found that all were quite alive, except that their nervous systems were paralysed. And even if the victims die, it may be that the poison acts as a preservative, though this requires more testing.

A CLUSTER OF STARS And How Far It Is Away

In a recent study of stars by Mr. Harlow Shapley, of Mount Wilson Observatory in California, it is pointed out that the great star cluster in Hercules consists of tens of thousands of stars—more stars than we can see in all the sky with the naked eye—and that it is more than 8000 times farther away than the nearest star now known.

Light requires eight minutes to travel the 93 million miles from the sun to the earth, but it must travel more than two thousand million times as long to reach us from the Hercules cluster. The cluster's distance is about 36,000 light years; that is, its light takes about that number of years to reach us.

The mass of the whole cluster is probably in excess of 100,000 suns, yet the cluster as a whole seems to be moving at far over a hundred miles a second.

Compared with the great star clusters, our solar system appears insignificant, and our sun "only a yellow, dwarfish, very old star, eccentrically situated in a large moving star cluster, which is itself situated still more eccentrically in an immensely larger stellar organisation."

OWL'S LOVE-SONG Music of the Arctic Prairie

Mr. Thompson Seton, in his new book "Arctic Prairies," gives a fine description of the love song of Richardson's owl, which he heard in the forest through which Athabasca River flows.

It is a small bird, but it has a charming voice, "like the slow tolling of a soft but high-pitched bell, *Ting, ting, ting, ting*, about two *tings* to the second, with variations in pitch and rhythm." It is, of course, the male bird who sings, and as he sings he flies round and round the spruce tree in the top of which the hen bird sits demurely.

Mr. Seton thought the serenade, though very simple, one of the most beautiful he had ever heard; the whole night air, fragrant with the resin of the pines, became vibrant with the ringing.

One Night's Work for the Flag CHIEF SCOUT'S ADVENTURE IN AFRICA

How He Lay in Wait with a Faithful Zulu
Through the Lonely Watches of the Night

THE BRAVE NATIVE WHO WALKED INTO THE ENEMY CAMP

TOLD BY THE CHIEF SCOUT, SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL

It may interest some of you to hear of a real adventure which happened to me more than twenty years ago, during the war in Matabeleland.

We knew that the enemy was in the mountains about fifteen miles away, and it was my business to go and find out more exactly where they were and in what strength, and to find out also where they had hidden their women and their cattle.

This is very important indeed in a war against natives, because once you can get hold of the cattle it often ends the war.

I was allowed to take any troops I liked, but generally I found it best to go alone with one reliable native. So I took with me one Zulu, and we started off overnight, both riding ponies. After a time we came to a line of broken hills, beyond which lay a broad valley of long grass and bush, and on the far side of this rose the tumbled mass of mountains which formed the stronghold of the enemy.

Silently Through the Hills

The first line of hills was where they had small parties of men stationed as outposts, to give the alarm if our army advanced. These men did not keep themselves very well hidden at night, for as we got close to the hills we could see the glow and smoke of their fires here and there among the rocks; so it was comparatively easy for us to take a line which passed between them.

But it was exciting work. We dismounted and tied up our horses' feet in bits of old blanket we had brought with us, both to deaden the sound and to prevent hoof-tracks, and then, cautiously feeling our way and leading our nags, we crept silently through the line of watchers.

Once safely through, we gaily mounted and rode on, guided by the stars towards the mountains across the plain. Presently these began to loom up in the darkness, gloomy and silent, and yet we knew that they held hundreds of our enemies. Nearer and nearer they came, until they seemed to tower above us.

Close to the Enemy

At last we left our horses, giving them a drink and some corn, and leaving them in a well-hidden spot. Then we went along on foot, cautiously and silently as we got among the rocks and foothills of the range.

It was the custom of the Matabele, if they got no signal of alarm from the outposts on the hills, to begin to light their fires and cook their food shortly before dawn, and that was our great opportunity for seeing exactly where they were camped. We could then creep closer, hide somewhere for the day, and watch their movements.

A dull light began to appear in the eastern sky; a chilly feeling came into the air. Dawn was approaching.

Suddenly, on the dark mountain side, came a spark and a glimmer, and a fire began to burn; a few

seconds later another was lit, then another, and another. *The enemy were right before us!*

I was thinking to myself, "You simpletons, you little know how you are giving away your position," when Jan, my Zulu, laid his hand excitedly on my arm and, chuckling quietly, whispered: "I do believe they are laying a trap for us. Wait for me here, and I'll go and see."

Jan, the Zulu

He stripped off his European coat, trousers, and hat, and, leaving them in a heap beside me, slipped away quietly into the darkness, taking his rifle and walking staff.

As I lay there, wondering at his suggestion—for I could see no sign of a trap for us—the thought dawned that possibly he was going to make a trap for me!

The Matabele are cousins of the Zulus and talk the same language; it would be quite easy for him to go to the enemy and offer to hand me over to them for some cattle. No Zulu can resist a chance of getting cattle.

So he had not been gone long before I, too, crept from our hiding-place.

Alive with Fires

My first idea was to make for the horses, and be ready to bolt should circumstances require it; but on my way I passed a pile of rocks, and a better idea occurred to me—to hide among these, where I could see our original hiding-place and also be in touch with the horses. So there I lay—it seemed for hours—while the daylight gradually came on and the mountain grew alive with fires. Soon I could see men moving about, and eventually a number of warriors went up the hillside out of the grass, not very far from our position.

Suddenly there was a movement in the grass near my first hiding-place; one naked brown figure crept in alone. It was Jan, and he had not brought the enemy with him! He looked round in surprise at my absence, but as soon as I was sure he was unaccompanied I gave the whistle of a night bird, which was our signal, and he joined me at the rocks.

Plucky Jan

Then he told me how, having noticed that the enemy's fires were lit up one by one in regular succession, it occurred to him that the job was being done by one man, and not by several at once, and that possibly it was a ruse to lead us on, because the enemy knew that we were often watching them at night. So he had gone forward, and very soon found himself among a whole lot of Matabele, lying in ambush where they thought we might come. Pretending to be one of them, he lay with them for a time, and managed to throw cold water on the idea that we were about that night. Then, before daylight came on, he took the opportunity of creeping away, and got safely back to me.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL

WHY SOME PEOPLE ARE HUNGRY

No Change Since Bible
Days

STANDING STILL INSTEAD
OF MOVING ON

The dearth of things everywhere, and the shortage of food in some parts of the world, remind us that the human race as a whole cannot afford to fail in gathering the wealth which the kindly earth offers in such abundance.

People are hungry chiefly because there is not enough for them all to eat; but the reason there is not enough is not because the earth will not grow enough. Occasionally the earth fails men because bad weather masters it; but that does not happen often. The usual reason for scarcity is because men do not give the old earth the chance of helping them as well as she can.

A report comes from Cyprus that the island is only growing two million bushels of wheat where once it grew ten millions, and it is growing them as it grew them 5000 years ago, with little wooden ploughs for tillage, sickles for harvesting, and oxen drawing round and round a board studded with sharp flints underneath as a threshing machine.

The methods used in the Bible are still used in the unchanging East when men try to coax the soil to feed them. It is very picturesque to look at, but it brings poverty in its wake instead of plenty and prosperity.

WRITING A LETTER MILES AWAY

A Remarkable Typewriter

A wonderful typewriter has just been tried for the first time between Newcastle and London. That sounds odd, as if it were a motor-car, but this typewriter types its letters hundreds of miles away.

It is a new form of telegraph instrument, and as the key for any letter is tapped this letter is printed on a paper ribbon by a little lettered wheel, whose movements are controlled by the electric currents sent from the instrument.

The keyboard is just like that of an ordinary typewriter, and forty words a minute can be written in York or Glasgow by a man tapping his machine in Birmingham or London.

GOLDEN BOMBARDMENT Will Science Make Gold Lace Cheap?

How fine lace might be coated with gold and silver was foretold by Sir J. J. Thomson the other day at the Royal Institution.

When minerals are bombarded by positive electric rays, they splutter, or cast off infinitely small particles. Lace or muslin placed near a piece of gold or silver which was acted upon by these positive rays would become deposited with a very fine film of the rare metal, so fine that gold lace might be made very cheaply.

RED-HOT RIVETS

New Idea in Shipbuilding

The millions of rivets used in a busy shipbuilding yard are all made red-hot with coke fires.

A new invention is now being tried which heats the rivets by electricity, large rivets over two inches long becoming red-hot in ten seconds.

An electric current will heat any metal by merely passing through it, owing to its resistance, and iron becomes hot very readily.

HANDBAG KINEMA COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER AND HIS MOVIES

Wonderful Things the Films Do

SCIENCE AND SCHOOL

By Our Kinema Correspondent

We are apt to think of the moving picture solely as a means of entertainment, but its innumerable uses for serious ends are increasing every week.

The introduction of the new de Vry portable projector—which is practically a miniature picture theatre in a hand-bag—has induced many large business firms to have their wares and their works exhaustively filmed. Chocolates, motor-cars, agricultural machinery, and tools are among the articles which the kinema now helps to sell and advertise.

Instead of displaying mere printed catalogues and samples, the film-equipped traveller puts the projector on the office table, pulls down the window blind, and takes his customer on a comprehensive ten-minute armchair tour of the factory he represents. In a similar way the makers of a complicated patent tool send a lecturer to every workshop where the instrument has been adopted, with a film showing exactly how it should be used. At a luncheon-hour film exhibition the workers thus receive expert instruction.

Camera Beats the Eye

For scientific work the marvellous "ultra rapid" cinematograph camera proved invaluable during the war. By exposing the film ten, twenty, or even thirty, times faster than usual, and afterwards projecting it at normal speed, movements that are imperceptible to the slow human eye can be analysed.

On one occasion an operator took "ultra rapid" pictures of an explosion, hiding himself and his camera behind a barrier and photographing through a steel mirror. On the screen the apparently instantaneous flash was seen as a slowly-swelling flame, and from this wonderful film the munition-experts were able to gain much important information.

Every School with Its Kinema

That the day is approaching when no school will be complete without its kinema-classroom is suggested by the fact that nearly 1500 colleges in the United States already possess their own moving-picture apparatus for teaching purposes. Over 2000 schools arrange special exhibitions of educational films at their local kinemas.

The production of purely educational films is at present smaller than it should be, owing to lack of demand for "school-book pictures." Nevertheless, there are several important concerns which specialise in the production of delightful Nature films. The largest of these companies, the Educational Films Corporation of America, has cinematographers travelling throughout the world in search of picture treasures.

Jungle of Apparatus

It also possesses at Providence an extraordinary studio-laboratory, where a regular jungle of machinery, including lathes, saws, engineering tools, and scientific instruments, is employed to make delicate models.

A similar studio has just been equipped at Elstree, near London, by the British Instructional Films Company, which is setting out to prove the mysteries of Nature by cinematography.

"The main departments which we are starting," says Mr. H. Bruce Wolfe, managing director of the firm, "are Natural History, under the supervision of Mr. W. P. Pyecraft; Botany, under Mr. W. S. Fogg; and Physical Geography, under Mr. H. M. Lomas, a pioneer cinematographer who has taken moving pictures in many wild parts of the world."

L. Y.

CALM SHIPS ON TOSSING WATERS Invention that may Save Great Misery

NO MORE SEA-SICKNESS?

All kinds of attempts to prevent ships from rolling have been tried, hundreds of inventors have designed non-rolling ships, but sea-sickness still remains one of the inevitable miseries of a sea trip in rough weather.

But it was announced recently, at the Institution of Naval Architects, that a new gyroscope has proved so successful that a large ship can be kept so steady that it only rolls through two degrees, or no more than a car inclines when rounding a sharp bend.

Vessels of as much as 10,000 tons displacement have been fitted with this gyroscope, and through the wonderful steadiness of the ship it maintains a greater speed. Also, the ship is much drier in rough weather, as the waves do not break over it to anything like the usual extent.

Few of us know how much animals suffer, as well as human beings, in rough weather at sea, and this may now be prevented. To keep a ship of 10,000 tons steady the whole weight of the new Sperry gyroscope is only a hundred tons, or one ton in a hundred tons of the ship.

GIRL AND A SNAKE

Plucky Attempt to Save a Dog

An Australian correspondent sends us this story of a plucky Australian girl, Pearl Roy, aged 16, who endeavoured to save the life of her dog, which was attacked by a deadly snake.

The girl was going through the Australian bush with two dogs when a five-foot snake appeared on the track. One of the dogs grabbed it round the middle, allowing the reptile to turn its head and strike the dog with its fangs, near the mouth. Pearl rushed forward, grabbed the snake by the tail, and pulled. Suddenly the snake let the dog go and turned in the direction of the girl, who threw it over her head. Then she fainted.

Subsequently she was found by settlers in an unconscious condition, and the snake and the dog were both dead. Happily, however, the girl was uninjured, although suffering severely from shock.

THE MAN-MADE R.A.

One of the Last Injustices to Women

Why is it that women are not elected Associate Members of the Royal Academy? The question is being asked again, and who can wonder at it in these days of equality of men and women?

Men can do some things better than women, as women can do some things better than men. On the whole, men have succeeded as artists better than women, but of the 289 women who show pictures this year at the Royal Academy some certainly deserve to rank with men, and should be chosen on the body that officially represents British art.

Sex is not a reason why women should be A.R.A.s or R.A.s, and it also is not a reason why they should be excluded. The obstinate policy of the men of the Royal Academy will have to end sooner or later, and the sooner it does end the more gracious it will be. Is the Royal Academy to be one of the last strongholds of injustice to women—merely because they are women?

FORTUNES ON FIRE

It would be a pitiful thing to see £180,000,000 on fire, but the British tobacco bill for 1919, which equals £3. 17s. 6d. per head of the population, was a little over that huge sum, being nearly as much as the total cost of governing the country before the war.

PIONEER'S LOG CABIN THE PROUD LAND IT LEADS TO

Mountain Land of the Flag as
Big as 13 Switzerlands

RICHES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

We have received a copy of our grown-up friend the Daily Colonist, published at Victoria, in British Columbia, which, while referring pleasantly to the C.N., complains that, on one of our maps giving dwelling-places in various parts of the world, we said, "Western Canadians live in log cabins."

The Colonist suggests that we should get photographs (which we already have) of their fine Parliament Buildings, their great hotels, and so on, in which Canada resembles the cities of other lands.

We have gladly given some of these pictures from time to time, but the object of our map was to give dwellings that are common in each country but unlike the dwellings of other countries.

A picture of the thatched cottages of English villages does not lead anyone to suppose there is no such place as London, nor does a stone cabin in Donegal rule out Dublin. In the same way a log cabin, as a distinctive feature of Canada, does not call for the required explanation that there are fine houses in Victoria or Vancouver.

Log Cabin to Mansion

As the Colonist says, the log-house of the new settler is a warm and comfortable dwelling for a pioneer family, but it is astonishing how soon it is succeeded by a cottage or bungalow. Exactly.

This quick change strikes everyone who visits central and western Canada; but when the change comes the distinctive character of the home is lessened in contrast with other national types of houses. Pretty cottages and bungalows are common to many lands where log cabins are unknown. Western Canada has no need to shirk acknowledgment of her log cabin. It is her sign of conquest over lands untilld before.

We can understand Victoria, on Vancouver Island, the capital city of British Columbia, wishing that its standing as a city should be understood, for it claims to be, in its general character, the most British of all Canadian cities.

Land of Wealth

Very properly, too, it upholds the pride of British Columbia, a mountain land as large as thirteen Switzerlands, plentifully supplied with coal, gold, silver, lead, copper, zinc, and the valuable rarer mineral deposits used as alloys to give steel its wonderfully varied qualities, suiting all kinds of uses.

Columbia, too, has abundant water power, splendid forests of valuable timber, fisheries unequalled elsewhere in supplies of salmon for tinning, a soil and climate that will grow all kinds of cereals, root crops, and grasses of the temperate zone, with a special-kindness for the fruits that may find a market over all the civilised world.

Such a land can well afford to be patient with anyone who sees its log-cabins as marking the advanced line of the conquests that presently will give it a great place in the story of the world's industries. Our compliments to the Colonist and to all who love the flag in that great land in which it flies.

THE CUNNING JACKDAW

A Woking correspondent once had a jackdaw which, fearing to eat meat from a dish from which the cat was feeding, used to peck the cat's tail, and then, as puss turned round, pounce on a piece of meat and carry it off. The cat never learned to guard against this trick.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY STERN HERO AND HIS FATE

Man Whose Diary the Whole
World Reads

THE CONQUEROR'S FRIEND

May 23. Savonarola burned at Florence . . . 1498
24. Lanfranc died at Canterbury . . . 1089
25. Emerson born at Boston, U.S.A. . . . 1803
26. Samuel Pepys died at Clapham . . . 1703
27. John Calvin died at Geneva . . . 1564
28. Thomas Moore born at Dublin . . . 1779
29. Turks captured Constantinople . . . 1453

Jerome Savonarola

SAVONAROLA was an Italian friar of Florence, who had great influence in the closing years of the fifteenth century, but became unpopular, was tried as a false prophet and rebel, and condemned to be strangled, and his body burned. This execution took place in the square at Florence.

Savonarola can only be judged fairly by those who understand the age into which he was born. The ancient learning of Greece and Rome had been rediscovered; art had been wonderfully revived; but luxury and wickedness were also rampant in Florence, the chief centre of the new civilisation.

Savonarola preached against the evils around him with eloquence and passion, and carried the crowd with him.

But he was very stern and strict, and the changeable Florentines grew tired of his severity; and in the end he was overthrown and killed. He had the greatness and the weakness of men who are strong, determined, enthusiastic, and fearless, but narrow, stern, and fanatical.

Lanfranc

IN the Middle Ages men of great influence were almost always either kings or great nobles on their way to be kings, or they were churchmen—cardinals, archbishops or monks. On the whole, the religious men protected the mass of the people against kings who tried to use their power in wrong ways.

Lanfranc was Archbishop of Canterbury in the days of William the Conqueror, and, though he was not an Englishman, he was liked and trusted by Englishmen because, as one of the Conqueror's chief advisers, he was a check on that stern warrior.

Lanfranc began grown-up life as an Italian lawyer, clever and learned; but when he was about 37 he became a monk very strangely. On a journey he was attacked by robbers, beaten, stripped, and bound, and in that sad plight he wished to pray. But he could not remember his prayers, and this made a great impression on him—that he, the popular lawyer and teacher, should have forgotten the prayers every peasant knew!

So he changed his life, became a monk, and soon attained great power. William the Conqueror, liking him, made him the head of the Church in this country; and his influence was good on the whole.

Samuel Pepys

THOUGH Samuel Pepys died 217 years ago he is better known to people who are fond of reading than almost any man who is alive today.

He was a clerk in the Admiralty in the reign of Charles II., and for about ten years he kept a diary in shorthand, telling in a plain, quaint way what he did, and saw, and thought every day. He did not expect anyone but himself to read it, so that it was quite frank.

But his shorthand has now been deciphered, and the diary is printed for everyone to read. It gives the most faithful picture we have of the life of that period.

Pepys lived for 33 years after his diary was ended, and became very successful. He was Secretary to the Admiralty and President of the Royal Society; and was comfortably well off. No man of his day knew so much about the Navy.

But he lives still as a writer who, while talking candidly to himself in shorthand, reveals to us the scenes and men and thoughts of a vanished age.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 22 1920

Going Too Far

MAY has brought the Academy round again, and we all love to see the pictures. But many people will be in sympathy with the famous R.A. who has been protesting against some of the absurd things that so much fuss has been made about of late.

Nobody who loves this beautiful world, and feels the thrill of life in it, will want the sense of humour to die out. How often laughter drives the tears away! But surely all these jokes in the world of art are going too far.

These tortured and twisted things that are labelled human beings do not perhaps matter very much. If people like to pay for hideous portraits, or for coloured daubs, in which all the laws of imbecility seem to be faithfully carried out, that is their affair. The school of art which is supposed to be at the height of its success when it is painting daffodils to look like turnips, or turnips to look like teapots, may be very well entitled to the shillings it can get. Such artists seem to think it clever to do something people cannot understand: surely it is cleverer to do something people can understand.

But, in the name of all that is solemn and moving and lovely in the world, we may protest against the crude caricature that has lately been shown in London of the Saviour of Mankind.

We do not know what Christ was like, but who does not love to think of Him as great artists have always shown Him, with the face aglow with love and compassion for those He came to save? He does mankind great wrong who robs us of that gentle Figure that stands out from the canvases of art throughout the centuries and draws men unto it, the Figure that all children love.

And yet there has been shown in London a grotesque and offensive statue, a coarse and ugly conception of a man, with brutal features that repel us, a body like a piece of wood, a thick-set neck, and hands like some brute's feet; and it is this horrible figure, with the touch of the brute in it everywhere, that is supposed to represent our Lord.

Can anyone imagine the lovely words of Jesus falling from these coarse lips? Can anyone imagine children gathering about this poor freak creature of an artist's brain? We must be free or die, but it seems a pity that art should use its freedom to caricature the things that are dearest to us all; it seems a pity that He who suffered little children to come unto Him should be set before our eyes as a figure so repellent that children must shrink in terror at the sight of it.

Art is lovely, but art is true. This thing is a slander on life and art and truth and all. A. M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



M.L.N.

THE Prince has been having a good time in New Zealand, and we may be sure he enjoyed driving his own engine. But what we like best is the story of the small boy who, having been stirred to enthusiasm by the Prince's visit, called at the office of the Navy League, and announced his desire to become a Member of the League of Nations. Bless him!

Another Chance for the Taxpayer

SOMEBODY has found another way of getting rid of the nation's money. Flying officers are to wear swords!

How useful they will be up in the clouds! It is wonderful what imagination some people have, and, of course, it can all come out of the income tax.

The Great Obfuscation

WE know why some of our grown-up papers are so popular. One of them wanted to say the other day that the birds made a noise when the earth's shadow passed over the moon, and this is how it said so.

A curious feature of the phase of totality was the consternation created among the owl tribe, the birds announcing the obfuscation of the satellite by hooting.

Simply that, and nothing more.

Seen in the Lane.

SWEET NANCY and Silken Cissy were gathering Sunflowers in the Prince-wood.

Miss Violet plucked a Golden Rod from the Silver Bush.

Iris wore a dress of Silk Flower, trimmed with Tassel Grass.

Blue Eyes and Eyebright were observed to be smiling sweetly at Manjack.

The Admiralty's Army

WHERE are the economists?

Six years ago the British fleet was menaced by the German fleet, and the number of civilians employed in the Admiralty was 56,000. Today the British fleet has no menace in the world, and the German fleet is at the bottom of the sea, but the number of civilians in the Admiralty is 84,000.

It seems rather strange, and a pity, that it should take so many more people to look after us in times of safety than in times of danger.

Whitehall Dungeons

WE hope the offices of the Ministry of Health will quickly be made healthy; it is said some of its clerks work in rooms 30 feet underground.

It is now nearly three years since we put a bath in the Prime Minister's house, and it is time we brought our Health Department up from the basement. We cannot make an A1 Nation with a C3 Health Office.

Question

CONCERNING a big fight not long ago, a grown-up paper says there was an enormous attendance, including many ladies. Ladies?

A Miserable Man

A WOMAN in Sunderland, picking up a wallet full of Treasury notes, found the owner's name and took it back to him. He came to the door, counted up 65 notes, and closed the door, saying, "Yes, it is all right." Not even a "Thank you" could he spare.

We should like to have been the honest woman who did not want his money, but who would be a mean man like that?

Tip-Cat

M^R. KIPLING says the weight of the world rests on England and France. It is about the only thing that is having a rest anywhere.

"LAST year," says an M.P., "we tried to make a new world." This year we should be satisfied to get back the old one.

THE woodcutter's toys: Tree tops.

"To be rich," Sir J. D. Rees says, "a man must have a business." His customers are aware of that.

UNDER the new Court dress regulations we need not wear swords when dining with the King. There will be knives on the table.

NEWSPAPER placard: "Grim story of Bluebeard." Something new about Henry VIII., we suppose.

ARE those railwaymen who promise to "work to rule" going to toe the line?

THE Dutch Government is trying to secure a permanent residence for the Clown Prince. Why not try the Hook of Holland?

FIVE thousand rings have been stolen from a City hotel. We hope the thief got a few knocks.

A COPPER stick: The twopenny post.

VISCOUNT CURZON, M.P., has been fined for the ninth time for furiously driving a motor-car. We hope he is as good at making laws as at breaking them.

Conscience

TAILORS are not the only men who have a conscience. Grocers have. One of them has sent a sovereign as conscience money to a Food Committee for having innocently overcharged a penny a pound on sugar to 240 customers.

Will all profiteers please copy?

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done today?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?

NIXON WATERMAN

The Young Lions

By Harold Begbie

It is said British industry is suffering because the flower of our men fell in the War.

STEP up, lads, and take their places,

Proudly fill the hero blanks;
Elder brothers call from heaven,
Britain, close your ranks!

Let no beaten foeman mock us,
Boasting of the blood he shed.
Up, young lions, take the places
Of your country's dead.

WHERE the hero fell a labour
Dropped from out his hands
for you,

Work that made his country
famous,

Labour sound and true;
Seize the task your fallen brother
All regretful laid aside;
There's his work and there your
duty;
Finish it with pride.

FOR he died undoubting Britain's
Power all storms or ills to face,
Seeing you, his brother, coming
On to fill his place.

Put your strength into his labour,
By true toil of heart and brain
Prove that in the test of nations
Britain stood the strain.

STEP up, lads, and fill their places,
Earn their love and win their
thanks.

Died with us, they cry, *Old
England?*

Brothers, close your ranks!
You can show the world that
Britain

Still can play her royal part,
And that Armageddon could not
Break the Lion's heart.

The Boy in the Bus

What About His Manners?

LETTERS have been appearing in the newspapers saying boys are the worst-mannered members of the community. Is it so? We are not prepared to admit it right off. Nay, we are sure that Boy Scouts are not ill-mannered.

But let us see what it is that is said about some boys. It is said that if courtesy is shown to ladies in public places, the courteous people are men of various kinds—soldiers, who are always courteous, and old gentlemen, and men who have been working hard all day—and sometimes nice girls, who will cheerfully give way to anybody.

It is said, however, that boys scarcely ever notice what courtesy requires of them, or, if they notice, will not trouble Boys, it is said, have no chivalry.

Well, we do not believe it. We have certainly seen boys sit in buses while girls and women were kept standing, and while men gave up their places; we have seen boys again and again take no notice of this call for courtesy. They are bad-mannered, it is true; but we hope their rudeness is due to want of thought and not to want of heart.

But in any case it is a pity, and unlike the proud race of Jack Cornwell; and we hope our C.N. boys will see that, as far as they are concerned, it is not true.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY

FOR MEN AND NATIONS
Should the State be Allowed to
Take Our Private Property?
AN ASTONISHING PROPOSAL

By Our Political Correspondent

A point of very great importance has been raised in Parliament through the Indemnity Bill, in which the Government, while winding up the work of the War Losses Commission, proposes to allow the nation to use the property of private persons without any right to compensation.

It is impossible that this can be permitted, for the Government, or the country as a whole, must be quite as honest and fair in its dealings with every individual man and woman in the country as men and women are expected by the law to be with each other.

And the proper judge of fair dealings between the country and any one man or woman in the country should be the judges, who act strictly according to law.

The law is the guardian of us all; the law, as it is interpreted by judges, ought to prevent men from being dishonest and unjust towards each other or towards the State as a whole; and equally it ought to prevent the State from being dishonest towards anyone at any time.

What the State May Do

Let us see how the question becomes important now. In times of war the safety of the country may require that the Government, acting for the country as a whole, may do anything it likes with the property of anybody.

It may take your house for its own use, however great the loss may be to you as the owner of the house. It may pull the house down. It may stop your business. It may ruin you, under the plea that its action is necessary for the good of all.

This right of the Government to do as it likes is admitted when the safety of the nation is at stake. But when the danger is over, the right of the individual still exists; and his right is that he shall not be called on to sacrifice more than other citizens for the sake of all.

Justice To All

Those who have benefited by his loss must see that he is repaid for whatever he has suffered for the country more than others have suffered. The value of the house which the country pulled down, to suit its needs, should be returned to him, and his share of sacrifice should be made equal through taxation with the share of the rest of his countrymen.

This repayment of losses has been attempted, in a rough-and-ready way, by a body known as the War Losses Commission, which has arranged agreements about special losses. But its action has been based often on sympathy rather than on the sufferer's rights. The feeling has been: "We are sorry for you, and will repay you so much"; whereas it should be: "You have a right to that which we have taken for national purposes."

Trust the Judges

This business relation between the country and the individual citizen should be fixed by law, and be decided in each case by trained judges, and not by a Commission hastily formed in war-time.

Just as the individual citizen ought to be protected against unjust seizure, not far removed from theft, by the State, so also the State should be protected against unjust demands from dishonest citizens who seek to make unfair profit from the war. But the best guardians both of the State and the individual citizens are the judges, who are experienced and impartial men, and their instructions should be found in the law itself.

It happens that while this very Bill is before Parliament, the highest bench of judges in the land has decided that the Government is wrong in trying to take De Keyser's Hotel in London without paying for it.

J. D.

A PIG IN A WHITE PAPER

An escaped German pig has now had the distinction of being mentioned in a British White Paper, as we call our smaller Government pamphlets.

Animals can only be brought alive into this country under special regulations, drawn up to prevent the spread of disease. If the rules are set aside in any way the circumstances are recorded.

For example, two heifers landed from Denmark for Queen Alexandra, and two cows brought from India by King George, have been specially reported.

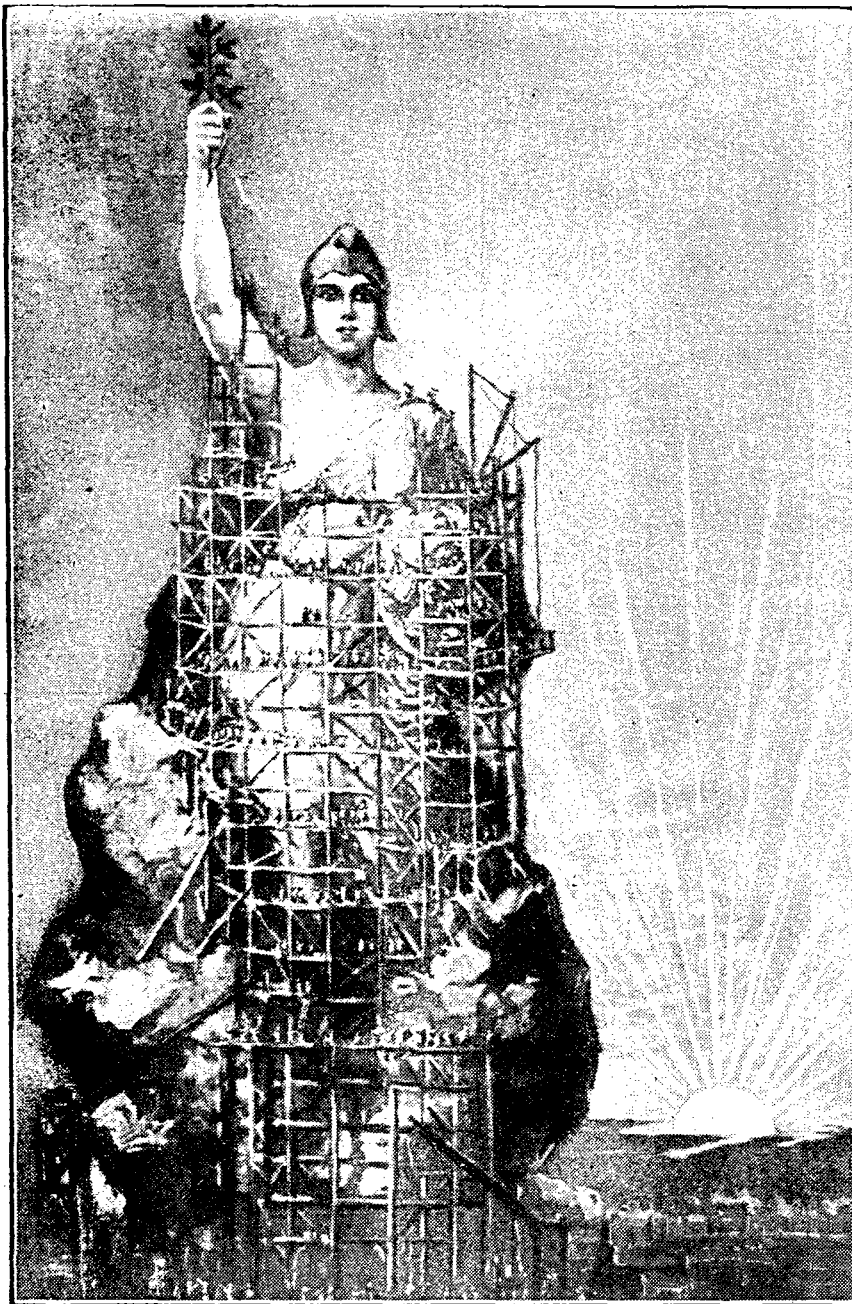
But the most curious entry in the latest White Paper is a pig that was a relic of the battle off the Falkland

Islands. The German warship Dresden and the British cruiser Glasgow were two of the vessels engaged in that decisive fight, and the crew of the victorious Glasgow rescued from the sea a pig which sought safety in the water in preference to remaining on the Dresden.

The Dresden escaped for the moment, but was so badly hammered that her crew scuttled her when they reached Robinson Crusoe's island, Juan Fernandez.

The pig was landed in England from H.M.S. Carmania at Whale Island, in Portsmouth Harbour, and so secured a place in our national records, for its arrival was recorded in a White Paper.

BUILDING UP THE NEW WORLD



In this striking cartoon, posted up on the hoardings of France, the French Government is preaching the Gospel of Work as the only way to the nation's salvation. The spirit of France is represented in a great steel tower crammed with busy workers.

A BIT OF THE WAR COMES BACK

One of the after-effects of the war is the scattering, by land and sea, of deadly explosives, sunk or hidden, that may make their presence known for years.

An instance has lately occurred in France, near Rheims, on the little river Vesle. As the line of fighting wavered forward and backward, both sides sought to conceal the explosives they could not remove as they retreated.

Two French soldiers, fishing in the river with small explosives—which killed the fish, so that they rose to the surface of the water—exploded their charge unawares over a large mass of explosives

which had been sunk in the stream.

A fearful crash followed, like the bursting of a mine, devastating the country round, flinging the water from the river, and making a huge, deep pool in its bed. Cattle were killed in the adjoining fields, telegraph wires were destroyed, and in the midst of the ruin were flung the headless bodies of the unfortunate soldiers. The explosion terrified the inhabitants for 20 miles round.

Along hundreds of miles of the battle-front no one knows where such an explosion may come, bringing back, in days of peace, the awful memory of war.

FATE OF 19 CHURCHES

SHALL THEY COME DOWN?

Two That Must Be Saved
Whatever Happens

QUIET PLACES OF THE
GREAT CITY

A body of commissioners appointed by the Bishop of London has been considering the church accommodation of the City, and it has recommended great changes.

The City has 47 churches for a night population of 13,000 and a day population of 360,000—so amazingly does the population of the City of London change every 24 hours. It is proposed to remove 19 of these churches, except seven of the towers, and to reorganise the rest.

The value of the sites of these 19 churches is estimated at £1,695,620.

Such figures, of money value, will at once impress many minds; but should they? There may be other values beside which these hundreds of thousands of pounds seem of little account. One or two of those other values we would like to mention.

World's Most Sacred Fane

But, first, it must be admitted that the general church accommodation in the City is excessive. All the churches cannot be put to an adequate use as they stand.

It is not enough, either, to say that a number of them have been designed by Wren, or that they have architectural features of interest. Wren and architecture are sufficiently illustrated elsewhere in London.

On the other hand, it is no argument for their removal to say that they are no older than the days of Wren. If a church stands on a site that is sacred in history, the fact that the existing church is not as old as the history is no reason for removing the church.

Scarcely any of the most revered buildings of the world are as old as the history that makes them renowned. Very little of Westminster Abbey would endure that test, yet it is the most sacred fane in the world. It is the site that stores the richest memories, and not the building.

If We Lost the Abbey

If Westminster Abbey were burned to the ground, who would think of saying that, the building having disappeared, we now might as well build a factory on the spot? It is the ground that has become holy.

No sacred site should be carelessly obliterated, or lost under the avalanche of trade. Take two instances, St. Dunstan-in-the-West and St. Magnus the Martyr, which are most associated with the English Bible, a far greater book than the Bible in any other tongue.

It was when preaching in St. Dunstan-in-the-West that William Tyndale so impressed Alderman Humphrey Monmouth that he found him the means of translating the Bible, which the then Bishop of London had refused him.

Oases in the Heart of London

St. Magnus the Martyr had that other great translator, Miles Coverdale, as its rector, and there he is buried. Rude hands should not disturb places of such resplendent memory as these, and we hope that at least St. Dunstan's and St. Magnus will remain.

Then, again, no work of demolition should be allowed to rob the crowded mid-day City of its opportunities of quiet rest and thought and prayer indoors. We talk eagerly of open spaces in the City, and they are needed indeed; but so, also, are quiet thinking places indoors, in the midst of the turmoil of the world, and these ancient churches alone supply that need.

It may be that some of these nineteen threatened churches can be spared, but as many as are required for this quiet refreshment of the mind should remain undisturbed, as little oases for quiet thought amid the stress and turmoil of streaming London.

VILLAGE FRIEND MOTHER TO 5000 PEOPLE

The Noble Work of a Noble Lady

COURT OF PITY AND REFUGE

By Our Correspondent in Hungary

Countess Laszlo Apponyi Karolyi, daughter of Count Louis Apponyi, bears two names which have been famous in Hungary from the fourteenth century. Yet even to those illustrious names she has added new lustre, for none of her kin has done nobler work than the countess, herself has done during the last five years at her castle at Foth.

Foth is a village a few miles from Buda-pesth, and as I drove out to visit the countess I passed queues of wretched people standing in the rain, drenched to the skin, waiting hour after hour to get a morsel of horseflesh.

It was a lamentable sight, and when I was ushered into the countess's dainty bureau I began to feel rather like a Communist, and to wish to capture her castle for the wet, hungry, ill-clad wretches I had passed. But when the countess began to tell me of her work I felt ashamed of my communism, for I found that she was herself a Communist in the noblest sense of the word.

Wealth for the Poor

For five years she has been the heart and soul of the community of 5000 people around her castle. She has lavished on them her wealth and her love.

Before the war, as a beautiful, charming, and cultured lady, she was a great personage at the Court of the Emperor Francis Joseph. Since the war she has held her own court at her own castle—a Court of Pity, a Court of Refuge. There she has been queen by supremacy of character. All in trouble have come to her, and she has made herself so beloved that the people have come to tell her their sorrows and their joys.

There is an English expression "cold as charity," but there is nothing cold about the charity of the countess. It has its source in the warm heart of a remarkably sympathetic woman.

Doctors, Nurses, and Shoemakers

Yet her charity has been organised in a most scientific way. She has a record of the circumstances and income of every household in the place, and can state in a moment whether any family requires pecuniary assistance, and, if so, how much. Just 342 families, she told me, had less than the minimum necessary to maintain life, and all of these she has been maintaining.

No impostor can deceive her, for she has personal knowledge of every family. She has her crèches, where mothers who go out to work can send their babies. She has divided the whole village into districts, and has put each in charge of a nurse, who, when a baby is about to be born, visits the home and gives advice. She has also started a dispensary and a shoemaker's shop.

Respected by the Bolsheviks

During the war she conducted the correspondence of the village women, and took pains to trace missing relatives.

Now the countess is in need of help, for her own resources are beginning to fail. Not only does the countess require assistance for Foth, but for an even more ambitious scheme she has started to help the suburb of Ujpest, where great poverty and distress are prevalent.

Such splendid work has this noble lady done—with two doctors and her devoted secretary, Miss Anna Winkler—that she alone of all the aristocrats pursued her work almost unmolested during the Bolshevik régime. She had no fear, for she knew she was surrounded by 5000 people who loved her.

THE PUZZLE OF AN AGE OLD PEBBLE

A pebble means a rounded stone of small size, such as David took out of the brook and put in his sling with fatal results to Goliath.

In most cases pebbles have had their corners rubbed off by jostling against others in the current of streams. They may also have been rounded on the shores of lakes or in the wash of tides.

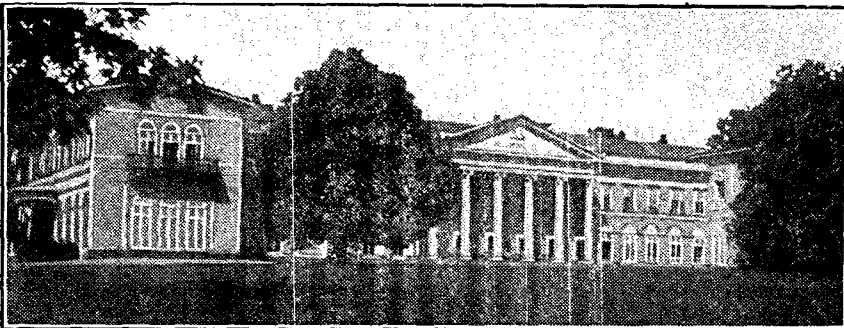
Apart from a few cases where wind-driven sand may have helped in polishing, the pebbles are water-worn, and the farther they are carried by the water, or the longer they are churned together, the more rounded they become.

But what are we to make of the rounded

pebbles described by Mr. J. T. Jutson, from various places in the dry part of Western Australia? They are found close to the rocks from which they are derived, and are scattered at all levels, from the top of the hills to the foot. It seems quite impossible to account for them as water-worn in the ordinary sense, and Mr. Jutson's theory is that they are due to the direct action of rain-storms beating on the surface of unequally hard rocks, and wearing them away without any loose rock particles to act as tools.

If this be true, and it seems the only theory, it is a remarkable case of water wearing the stones.

COURT OF MERCY IN A STARVING VILLAGE



The beautiful home of Countess Karolyi at Foth in Hungary



Three little children whose lives were saved by the Countess



The two daughters of Countess Karolyi giving food to starving village children. See next column

WHAT INVISIBLE LIGHT TELLS US

Wonderful progress is being made nowadays in the photography and measurement of invisible light.

The different colours we see are caused by tiny waves travelling 186,000 miles a second through the ether, and one colour is different from another because its wave has a different length. The length of a deep red light-wave is half as much again as that of a green wave, and nearly double that of a violet wave.

But still longer waves exist than those of the deepest ruby, and these are called the infra-red. Still shorter waves than those of the richest violet exist, and these are called the ultra-violet. We cannot see either of these colours, but the first can be discovered, on account of their warmth, by a very sensitive kind of thermometer, and the ultra-violet rays can be detected by a special kind of photographic plate which records them.

During the war great advances were made in the construction of appliances

which detect these invisible rays, and they are being used—not merely out of scientific interest, but in manufacturing work—in making analyses which only a short time ago were impossible.

Another remarkable instrument which is being used more and more every month is one which can tell exactly how much sugar is present in a liquid. A beam of light which passes through a certain kind of prism becomes changed in character, but if it contains sugar the change is different. The amount of the change which takes place when the light passes through it can be determined with extraordinary accuracy, and the amount of sugar can be calculated very rapidly.

Quite a number of these instruments of precision are today in commercial use. Some of them tell us the rate at which a star is travelling; others will probe into a substance and detect in it the presence of impurity, even if it is only one part in ten thousand millions.

POST OFFICE WAYS HOW IT GETS OUR HALF-PENNIES

The Stamp Tax on a Long-Suffering Public

STORY OF A BRAVE STRUGGLE

Life is hard in these days. For over a year we have been trying to post every week two of our illustrated weekly friends. The postage is five halfpennies. There is no doubt at all about it to anybody who tries to understand the postal regulations, but evidently the Post Office has no time to understand them. We have had to give up our papers, after passing through these stages:

1. First came overcharges for under-stamping, sometimes a penny, sometimes more. As the stamping was quite correct we were annoyed, but thought it a shame to worry the postman.

2. For a few weeks all was well, and then came upon the scene the head P.O. of the district, with a special demand for threepence. As the country must have money we paid it—11 halfpennies for five. In any case we thought the papers worth it.

Our Papers Cost Us More

3. A few weeks more of peace—due, it transpired, to the fact that our bright office boy, anxious to save trouble, was anticipating the surcharge by stamping it on each week, 5½d. for 2½d. Our papers were costing us more, but every 3d. gives the Government more to spend.

4. To make everything sure we decided at last to post the papers direct from New Bridge Street Post Office, asking the postage first. "Fivepence-halfpenny," said the good man at the counter, wringing another 3d. for the Chancellor from a long-suffering public.

5. Wishing New Bridge Street would read the Post Office Guide, we warned our boy to stamp the papers 2½d. once again, and all was well for a week or two, till another 3d. was demanded on delivery, and paid.

Teaching the Post Office

6. Running short of threepenny bits, we rang up the Post Office to point out the error, and, being actually able to get through, were informed that the overcharge was correct, the proper postage being 5½d.

7. Presently the telephone rang, and the sweetest apology ever heard came back: "So sorry to overcharge you. Your postage was quite right, and we are sending back the 3d."

Well, it is something to see a post office live and learn, but we are tired. Life is not long enough. It has taken us a year to teach one office the facts about newspaper rates; it has cost us many shillings in unjust charges; it has annoyed us exceedingly at many breakfast times; and there is a human limit to it all.

We have given up the papers because we have not time to argue with post offices that do not know their business, and the next word is with our friend Mr. Shorter, of the Sphere, whose circulation is down this week because the Post Office is what it is. If only it would take one of the bright young men from the Red Tape Department and put him in charge of the facts, the Sphere might keep up its circulation, and we might enjoy its pictures, and all might be well.

BOBBIE BORED

Time for the Guest To Go

A Staffordshire reader tells how she was dismissed by a dog when she stayed too long.

I called one evening to see a friend, and stayed much longer than usual.

The fox-terrier, Bobbie, in consequence, became uncomfortable, and ran backward and forward between me and the door, sometimes barking, and sometimes sitting up as if asking me to go.

At last Bobbie could wait no longer; but, taking my case off a chair, he carried it out of the room and placed it on the front door mat, and then went to supper.

THE WEEK IN NATURE

Hive Bees Swarm

YOUNG BIRDS BEGIN TO FLY

MINDFUL of disaster past.
And shrinking at the northern
blast,
The sleety storm returning still,
The morning hoar, the evening chill,
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
THOMAS WARTON

NATURE CALENDAR NEXT WEEK

May 23. Small heath butterfly appears
The heath moth is seen on the wing
24. The brown argus butterfly is about
The grizzled skipper butterfly is seen
25. The stinging fly begins to get active
The garden carpet moth appears
26. Song of the mistle thrush ceases
The common sandpiper is first seen
27. The hive bee swarms
The common sailor beetle is seen
28. The note of the landrail is heard
The quail's note is first heard
29. The puss moth appears on the wing
Young broods of whitethroats are fledged



The moon in the middle of next week

Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	Sunday	Wednesday	Friday
Sunrise	.. 5.0 a.m.	4.57 a.m.	4.54 a.m.
Sunset	.. 8.54 p.m.	8.58 p.m.	9.0 p.m.
Moonrise	.. 10.55 a.m.	2.34 p.m.	4.51 p.m.
Moonset	.. 1.9 a.m.	2.21 a.m.	3.9 a.m.
High Tide	.. 6.44 p.m.	9.48 p.m.	11.46 a.m.

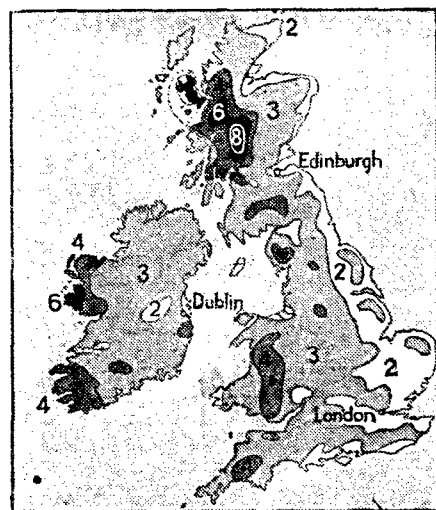
Tide is for London; black figures mean next day.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Hoe, thin, and weed onion beds. Transplant leeks, and plant out some Brussels sprouts for early use. Remove the flower stalks from rhubarb as they appear.
Plant out basil in rich warm soil, and water till re-established. Plant out sweet marjoram in a south border. Pelargoniums, petunias, fuchsias, and begonias may now be put out. Grass usually grows very fast this month, but it should be kept well under.

C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K.

The Rain of May



This map shows the average rainfall in inches for different areas during the month of May

LAST MONTH'S WEATHER

LONDON	RAINFALL
Hours of sun .. 73.1	London .. ins. 3.07
Hours of rain .. 73.1	Exeter .. ins. 4.28
Wet days .. 21	Carmarthen ins. 7.24
Dry days .. 9	Edinburgh ins. 1.58
Warmest day .. 24th	Fort William ins. 3.15
Coldest day .. 30th	Dublin .. ins. 2.83

ANIMAL STORIES

RABBIT AS A FOSTER MOTHER

Mouse That Played a Trick

COW TALKS TO THE FARMER

Told by Our Readers

A son of a Gloucestershire farmer tells how a cow makes its wants known.

We have a cow which stays in every day because she is lame.

If I sit on the manger close by her she will suck my coat if she is thirsty. When I have given her as much water as she will drink, and she wants some hay or cake, she will chew my coat.

She has made her wants known in this way many times.

RABBIT WASHES GUINEA-PIGS

A Dublin girl tells of animal friendship.

We caught a wild rabbit when it was about a fortnight old, and he soon grew very tame.

We called him Zebedee. We kept him in a run with six guinea-pigs, and every morning, after washing himself, Zebedee would proceed solemnly to wash each guinea-pig, one after the other.

The guinea-pigs liked it, and when we took Zebedee away they would group up in the corner where they had had their bath, as if waiting to be washed.

THE MOUSE AND THE PEAS

From Suffolk comes this letter.

One morning my father found more than 20 peas in one of the boots he had taken off the night before, and thought I had been playing tricks with him.

The explanation came a few days after, when he happened to look in a drawer of his roll-top desk where he keeps peas and other seeds.

There he found that the envelopes in which the peas were kept had been nibbled by a mouse at one corner, and the peas were scattered about.

Some mouse must have been busy all that night. It must have made more than 20 journeys, of 40 feet each, from the place where the boot was standing to the drawer in which it found the peas.

MOTHER COMES TO HER LITTLE ONE

A Gloucestershire lassie writes:

The other day father bought a cow and its young one. He put the mother in a field and the calf in a shed.

But the mother wanted to be with the little one, and so she swam through a river, six feet deep, and came over our mill garden and through the gate, and stayed outside the shed until the door was opened.

BUNNY GOES TO BED

This story of a rabbit comes from Swindon.

Not often do people make such a pet of rabbits as we made of "Nip."

We tamed him as easily as a cat, and he would lie in front of the kitchen fire and sleep, or would come into our bedrooms, or climb into our laps as we sat in a chair.

When we went for a holiday we sold him to some country friends. One day they could not find him, and gave him up for lost; but in the evening they found him upstairs, asleep on one of the beds. The man wanted to know if we had sold him a cat by mistake!

RABBITS THAT LIVE IN TREES

A South Wales reader tells how some rabbits have made their homes and refuge in trees.

The trunks of an avenue of lime trees at my grandmother's house in Devonshire have put out a number of small but very bushy shoots. This makes the trunks very wide, and easy for such small animals as rabbits to climb.

When anyone passes they run up the trees without hesitation.

ANIMALS THAT KNOW THE TIME

Here is a further instance of animals knowing the time.

The first day I turned our 40 cows out to grass I had to hunt them when I wanted them back. The second day they were waiting at the gate, and all I had to do was to open it.

WORK DONE BY A SPONGE

Its Surprising Canal System

MOVING 45 GALLONS OF WATER IN A DAY

A sponge is a fixed animal, but it does a great deal of work.

Its body, which, like our own, is built up of hundreds of thousands of microscopic units, or cells, is traversed by canals in which water is ceaselessly flowing. A living sponge might be compared to the city of Venice, for everything depends on its canal system. By these canals food and freshness come in, and waste and foulness are swept out.

We might be inclined, perhaps, to compare the water canals in a sponge to the blood-vessels in our body; but the comparison would be misleading, for the sponge's canals open into the surrounding water. Moreover, the blood is driven through the vessels by the pumping action of the heart; whereas the water is driven through the canals of the sponge by the continual lashing of cells which occur on the canal walls at important corners of the system.

£10 Grant for a Picture You Can Make

The Editor offers another grant of £10 this month in a test that will give scope for artistic ingenuity and skill.

The £10 will go to the boy or girl who makes up the best picture or design from parts of the advertisement pages in My Magazine for June. We have chosen these pages so that the body of the magazine may remain intact.

Cut from the advertisements anything you like—a complete figure, a head, house, bird, piece of shading, letter, border, and so on—and paste them down on a sheet of paper so as to form a complete picture of your own design.

Write on the picture your name, age, and address, and the names of the advertisements from which you have cut.

In addition to the £10 there will be ten awards of 10s. each.

All pictures must be addressed to My Magazine Grant, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, and posted not later than May 28.

In addition to this grant the Editor will send a Four Guinea Atlas of the World before the war for the library of the school to which the winner goes.

Each of these very active cells has an extremely mobile lash, or whip, and the continual movement of the thousands of whips keeps the water flowing. It seems that these cells never stop striking the water with their lashes. They are in a general way comparable to the lashed, or ciliated, cells which line our windpipe and keep it clear. The lashing of cells within the canal system of the sponge keeps the water flowing at the rate of about an inch in a minute.

In regard to a common sponge of no very large size it has been calculated that over 45 gallons of water are lashed through its body every day. The force with which the water is whipped out sometimes disturbs the surface of the water a foot round about the sponge, just as if there were an under-water spring.

WHAT THE WIG MAN WANTS

It is not always a misfortune to have grey hair; needy people can get good prices from hairdressers for combings and lengths of white or grey hair. Hair of this colour is scarce, and wig-makers are always looking out for it, especially that with the real "silvery" tint.

Some hairdressers are supplied by two or three aged women, who grow and cut their hair regularly as a means of adding to their income.

CHARLES'S HEART

Solitary Star Overhead

NEXT WEEK'S METEOR DISPLAY

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

There may be seen any evening after dusk, almost exactly overhead, a solitary star of the third magnitude—or of medium brightness—to the south-west of the tail of the Great Bear, and about 20 times the Moon's diameter away. Its exact position was shown on our star map a fortnight ago under the name of Cor Caroli.

Cor Caroli means Charles's Heart, the heart being that of Charles the Second. The astronomer Halley, who foretold the return of the famous comet that now bears his name, gave this title to this star in an outburst of loyal and royal enthusiasm when the Stuart dynasty came back. The Court physician thought that this particular star was unusually bright on the night before Charles entered London in May, 1660, and so he persuaded Halley to name it in honour of the king, the idea of a heart being, perhaps, an added compliment to the physician himself, as recognising his profession.

Everybody was pleased, and King Charles unquestionably so, for, whatever else he was, he was the patron of science, founding the Royal Society and the Greenwich Observatory.

So the name Cor Caroli remains to this day in memory of a Stuart king.

Suns Golden and Lilac

To astronomers Cor Caroli is also known by the ponderous title Alpha Canum Venaticorum, a title not generally used, which means that it is the first star in Canes Venatici, or the Hunting Dogs, which, by the way, are after the Great Bear, chasing him ceaselessly round the Pole Star.

Here it may be helpful to draw attention to an important detail in the naming of stars that confuses many people.

The titles Alpha, Beta, Gamma, and so on, are, of course, the names of letters of the Greek alphabet, and as a rule they indicate the order of brightness of the stars in a certain group, or constellation. For instance, Regulus is also Alpha Leonis, while Beta Leonis is the second star of the Lion, Gamma Leonis the third, and so on. Here is a list of the Greek characters used in star atlases, with their names.

α	β	γ or δ	δ	ϵ	ζ
Alpha	Beta	Gamma	Delta	Epsilon	Zeta
η	θ	ι	κ	λ	μ
Eta	Theta	Iota	Kappa	Lambda	Mu
ν	ξ	\omicron	π	ρ	σ
Nu	Xi	Omicron	Pi	Rho	Sigma
τ	υ	ϕ	χ	ψ	ω
Tau	Upsilon	Phi	Chi	Psi	Omega

The Greek letters after which stars are named

Cor Caroli is not really as lonely as it appears to be on a map, for it is composed of two beautiful suns, one golden, and the smaller one lilac. In the early part of next week a display of meteors, or shooting stars, may be seen. They approach the Earth from the direction of the Hercules constellation, which is high up in the south-east between 9 and 10 o'clock; but the early morning, when the constellation is due south, is a better time to watch for these visitors from far-off space.

G. F. M.

A PLUCKY TIT

Two Nests in a Post-Box

A Leatherhead reader tells of a tit's determination to have its nest in a letter-box.

Walking along a road near Leatherhead, I saw a postman who had just opened a small letter-box, and he called my attention to a pretty little nest built by a tom-tit inside the box.

He told me that a nest had been taken out of the box three days before. But the bird would not give in, and had built another. It entered through a very small hole in the front.

THE UNKNOWN TRAIL

A Tale of Terror and Adventure in the
Sunless Depths of the Amazon Forest

Told by
Edward Wright

CHAPTER 38

Unarmed before the Foe

RUSHING out of the palace, the Quichuans and Englishmen saw that the temple had been wrecked. Yet not a soul was in sight.

"Out of the palace, all of you!" cried Manco. "The city is mined."

"It's as bad as it used to be in Flanders," said Colonel Lanaway. "These beggars are tremendously clever."

The party hastened from the city, and, from the other side of the river, saw the palace go up in roaring, thundering flame. As the old Inca watched the work of destruction he thought out a new plan.

"Ollantay," he said to Joy and Ted, "is leaving the country and taking the people with him. He intends to make war on Peru before we can interfere."

"Can't we reach the mountains before he does?" asked Ted.

"No," said Manco grimly. "We have lost too much time. The rebel's scheme was prepared when he intended to marry Joy. He meant to open war immediately he was married. When he escaped he did not trouble about us, but began the great march. We must do all we can, but I fear it will be in vain."

He sent his men to collect all the tribesmen they met. Colonel Lanaway, with Commander Cheeseman and Lieutenant Lincer, set out with all speed for the lower forest, and found there some Inca guards and their own band of Tupis.

The Indians had not brought the launch down the river, but they had most of her stores piled below the waterfall.

"Anyway, we're well armed now," said Lanaway.

The colonel was able to arm all his companions and men, and have a machine-gun section as well as riflemen.

Manco discovered a secret supply of modern firearms and ammunition in some cellars of the ruined city, and at the end of the day he led the last, small, royal force down a forest track.

"How far away are the great war-stores in the mountains?" asked Ted.

"I was very young when my father took me there," replied the girl queen. "I do not know the way, but we spent more than a week on the journey."

"It would take us two weeks marching," said Manco; unexpectedly joining in the talk. "If we kept to the royal road. But I am taking a rougher track, and provided we can collect some of the tribesmen we shall be near the mountains within a week."

He was a hard commander. He allowed no rest through the night, and after a snatched meal in the morning he kept everyone going at a loping pace. When Sam pleaded for a rest he was told that he must fall out and fend for himself if he could not keep up.

Manco was trying to overtake the migrating people of the Golden City, and was cheered when two of his men returned with the news that they had found large bodies of tribesmen moving along the royal road.

"We shall get in front of them in less than a day!" exclaimed the old Inca.

For twenty hours he forced Quichuans, Tupis, and Englishmen to move forward almost at a trot without food or repose. They had to keep up their strength by chewing some leaves of the medicine tree, which seemed a large variety of the upland coca shrub.

"This is better than meat and drink," said Sam Trotter, as he

gulped down his third portion.

"Steady, my man," said Colonel Lanaway. "This stuff is stronger than cocaine. Don't eat more than is necessary to keep you going."

Ted and Joy did without the drug by climbing and getting fruit and nuts. They were the least exhausted of the hard-driven little force when the short-cut track opened in a wide road, and Manco told everybody they could eat and rest.

The old man himself ate little, and continued to chew the drug he had used.

"I need all my power of mind to win over the city people," he said to Ted.

As he spoke a column of spear-men appeared on the royal road. Manco went forth to meet them, but they shouted at him:

"Ollantay is our Inca! War upon all Christians! Death to traitors!" And three men ran forward, levelling their spears against the old leader.

CHAPTER 39

Success and Despair

MANCO made no attempt to defend himself. He let his arms fall straight by his sides, and in his old, grey, ragged gown he looked more like an aged peasant than a man of royal blood. Yet there was a majesty in his face that compelled his attackers to pause.

"Hear me first and kill me afterwards!" he cried. The main body of spear-men pressed against him. Joy and Ted ran towards him. With a stern glance he motioned Ted to keep away, but took the girl queen by the hand.

Then he spoke. He asked the tribesmen whether they wanted a Tupi emperor or a man of their own race to rule over them and lead them to battle. Without mentioning Ollantay by name, he attacked the savage as a traitor and usurper, and spoke of going to the mountains to choose an Inca nobleman as a bridegroom for the girl queen.

When some men cried out against the Englishmen Manco said cunningly that the strangers were his slaves, whom he had brought to the city to teach the tribesmen how to build and work the marvellous flying-boats.

"Will you stand by your queen," he ended his oration, "or will you kill her and me for the sake of the Tupi upstart who attacked the Golden City?"

Gradually he won them over. He formed a large camp on the royal road, and despatched hundreds of his new recruits, with orders to mix with the other tribesmen who were marching under Ollantay to the mountains and provoke loyalist risings among them.

Ici on Parle Français

JUDGE NOT

This is from the Sermon on the Mount, Matthew, chapter seven.

1. Ne jugez point, afin que vous ne soyez point jugés.

2. Car on vous jugera du jugement dont vous jugez, et l'on vous mesurera avec la mesure dont vous mesurez.

3. Pourquoi vois-tu la paille qui est dans l'œil de ton frère et n'aperçois-tu pas la poutre qui est dans ton œil?

4. Ou comment peux-tu dire à ton frère: Laisse-moi ôter une paille de ton œil toi qui as une poutre dans le tien?

5. Hypocrite, ôte premièrement la poutre de ton œil, et alors tu verras comment ôter la paille de l'œil de ton frère.

When Colonel Lanaway and his party awakened there seemed to be hope of victory. Love and admiration of Queen Joy were spread more firmly among her people as the story of her adventures became known, and Ted was greeted with affection for the part he had played in saving the life of the queen.

Even the Tupis that Colonel Lanaway had brought did not excite any anger, for, as Manco put it with an ironic smile:

"They are Ollantay's own tribesmen, bringing him a message from his mother. The message is contained in a blow-pipe."

Manco, however, was not merry when he held a council of war with his English friends and his Quichuan commanders.

"We have no chance whatever in a battle," he said. "Nearly all our new recruits have only bows, arrows, and spears. There were ten thousand rifles in the Golden City, but Ollantay was afraid of the tribesmen, and let them march with the playthings used against the outer savages."

"He blew up the palace and the temple, where most of the modern arms were concealed. What can we do against his thousands of rifles and guns?"

Colonel Lanaway, speaking through his only interpreter, Ted, admitted the force of Manco's arguments, and suggested that the old Inca should refrain from open warfare, and strive to win over the tribesmen who carried modern arms.

"That is what I am trying to do," said Manco, "but I doubt if I shall succeed. One of my men has reached the mountains. He reports that everybody there sides with Ollantay, and will not listen to my views. He could not find a young nobleman willing to marry Joy against the wish of the Tupi usurper. They all want the great war to begin, with Ollantay leading them."

The discussion went on for a long time, and the English officers became downcast and doubtful of themselves as they learnt the details of the preparations for the conquest of South America. Manco frankly told them the part he had played during a period of more than fifty years in creating vast machinery for slaughter.

"Sprechen sie Deutsch?" he said to the colonel.

"Ja," replied the astonished Lanaway, who had swatted hard at German during the war.

"Now you and I can talk together by ourselves," said Manco in German.

He explained that he had studied under a famous German chemist, had returned to the Golden City at the age of twenty-five, and directed the building of modern factories in the mountains.

He had had the most up-to-date machinery installed, and the factories were capable of turning out guns, ammunition, and equipment in large quantities.

He said he had despatched more than two thousand young noblemen to universities and military academies in Europe, Northern America, and Japan.

"Now all my pupils have turned against me," he continued, "because I brought your boy to the city, planning to marry him to the queen. Ollantay cannot lead a modern army. He has lived all his life in the palace, and never even conducted a manoeuvre in the mountain valleys. But he has used his court position to win influence among the nobility. I do not see what I can do to stop him."

CHAPTER 40

A Snake in the Path

MEANWHILE Ted and Joy were talking over the matter in their own way. Ted had obtained a simple kind of Inca dress in the Golden City, but beneath his robes he still wore the loincloth. All the stain had not worn off his skin and hair, although his hair was re-

covering some of its curliness, and it was so long that it almost hid his blue eyes when it was tousled.

"You see, Joy," he said, "I can disguise myself much better than I did. I am rougher looking, with scratches all over me, like an ordinary Quichuan boy. I speak better than I did, and nobody will trouble to pull my hair away and look at my eyes."

"If you go to the mountains I will go with you!" exclaimed Joy.

"You mustn't," said Ted, "or else I will tell Manco."

"What a bad brother you are!" said Joy angrily. "If you tell my uncle about me, I will tell him about you."

"I did not mean to be unkind," said Ted humbly. "What I meant to say was this: If Ollantay captures me, nothing is lost; but if you were with me and he captured you also, all would be lost."

"It is not likely that he would give you a second chance of escaping. He knows only too well how much he has to gain by keeping you away from Manco."

"Well, you can go by yourself if you want to," said Joy, with a strange look in her eyes. She found the plants for deepening the stain in Ted's skin. She also found a way of taking the curl out of his hair, and making it flat and lank. Then, without speaking to her uncle, she called one of Manco's trusted men, and ordered him to guide Ted to the mountains.

Then came the saddest thing in Ted's life. He went away without saying good-bye to his father, because he rightly guessed that the colonel would have forbidden him to attempt so mad an adventure.

Ted strolled along the royal road slowly, as if he were taking an easy walk. As soon as he was a hundred yards away Joy went behind a flowering bush. In a few minutes she came out on the road, looking like an ordinary Quichuan maid of the common sort.

She followed Ted at a distance, keeping always out of sight as much as possible. For four hours she followed the boy and the tall Indian. When they turned down a narrow forest track Joy climbed up a tree, and went along the branches, striving to keep within hearing distance of the two.

Whenever Joy fell far behind she dropped to the ground, and ran lightly until she could see or hear Ted and his companion.

She was without any weapon, and her bare feet left her exposed to deadly danger. Of all this she thought nothing until it seemed to her that a thorn ran into her right ankle.

The twilight was clear enough for her to see her way. She stooped down to pick out the spine, and saw and heard a hissing little red snake close beside her, poised again to strike.

Shrieking in blind terror, she dropped all attempts to hide herself, and ran forward to catch up with Ted before she died.

TO BE CONTINUED

Notes and Queries

What is the Lord Lieutenant of a County? The Lord Lieutenant is the chief executive authority and the head of the magistrates in a county. He is appointed by the Sovereign, and recommends persons for the office of Justice of the Peace.

Who was Sheraton? Thomas Sheraton was a cabinet-maker who made beautiful furniture in a style that has been named after him. He also wrote a book on the subject in 1794.

What does F.R.Met.S. mean? The letters F.R.Met.S. after a name mean Fellow of the Royal Meteorological Society, the society that makes a study of the weather. It is not to be confused with F.R.M.S., which means Fellow of the Microscopical Society.

Five-Minute Story

Edda's Stratagem

EDDA BERGH had been out all the morning trying to shoot a hare or one of the many wild birds that hid in the wood on the hillside.

Edda was a Finnish boy; and food, as a consequence of the Great War, had been scarce for many months.

He was a good shot, and tall and strong for his thirteen years.

Snow lay thick on the ground, and on his way through the wood Edda noticed the footprints of many animals.

The day was far gone, and as yet he had had no luck, when, rounding a narrow ledge, from which there was a sheer fall of hundreds of feet into a deep gorge, he fancied he heard the sound of an animal behind him.

He stopped, and flattened himself against the face of the rock at his back, the butt of his short sporting rifle resting on the ledge on which he stood.

He listened intently.

To his ears there came the unmistakable sound of some heavy animal.

The next instant the broad face and sharp muzzle of a bear were thrust round the ledge of rock.

The hunter was being hunted.

Edda's hair bristled with terror. He knew only too well the danger in which he stood. Shortage of food had driven the animals desperate, and many were the tales told of their depredations and ferocity.

Flight was the only thing possible. The gun he had brought with him was of no use against such an enemy.

He had a twenty yards' start, and he determined to make the most of it.

Letting his gun drop into the depths below, Edda started to scale the rock at his back.

Up and up, till presently he emerged on to a broad shelf. Here a tree grew to a great height, and, thinking he might reach another from it higher up the hill, Edda decided to make an attempt to climb it.

It was his only chance.

But bears climb quicker than men, and before he had climbed half-way up he heard the bear close behind him.

Out on a long, strong branch he crawled, the bear still following.

The branch began to bend under the combined weight of boy and bear; and Edda knew that if he continued to crawl out any farther both he and the bear would certainly be dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

He looked behind.

Out and out he went, the branch bending perilously, until at last it touched a lower branch.

Acting on a sudden impulse, he let go and seized the lower one.

Released of his weight, the branch straightened out like a spring, flinging the bear, clawing furiously, high into the air.

The next instant the animal's great body flashed past the branch where Edda sat secure, to fall, crushed, into the gorge below.

May 22, 1920

The Children's Newspaper

II

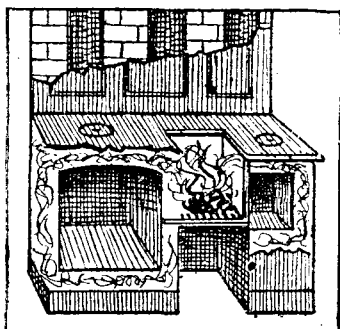
All the Birds are Singing

D! MERRYMAN

FARMER: "So you've had experience, have you?"
 New Man: "Yes, sir."
 Farmer: "Well, which side of a cow do you sit on to milk?"
 New Man: "The outside."

PICTURES THAT ANSWER QUESTIONS

How is a Domestic Oven Heated?



A space is left round the oven, and the draught is so arranged that the flames and heat are carried right round it.

Is Your Name Jennings?

JENNINGS is simply a form of the Christian name John, in the same way as Johnson is, and was no doubt given originally to some man whose father was named John. He himself would be called John's John, which in course of time developed into Jennings.

The Magic of Numbers

123456789 × 9 + 10 = 111111111
 12345678 × 9 + 9 = 111111111
 1234567 × 9 + 8 = 11111111
 123456 × 9 + 7 = 1111111
 12345 × 9 + 6 = 111111
 1234 × 9 + 5 = 11111
 123 × 9 + 4 = 1111
 12 × 9 + 3 = 111
 1 × 9 + 2 = 11
 0 × 9 + 1 = 1

D.C.L. and L.S.D.

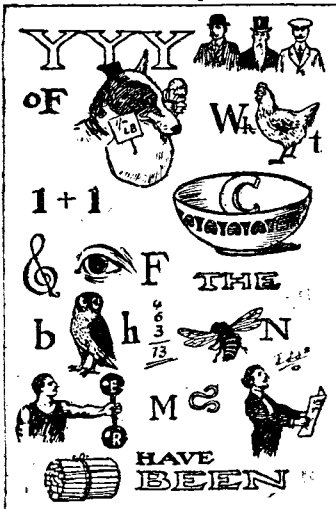
A distinguished officer who was compelled to decline the honorary degree of D.C.L. at Oxford, because of the heavy fees that were formerly demanded, wrote this verse:

OXFORD, no doubt you wish mellow,
 But, prithee, let me be.
 I can't, alas, be a D.C.L.
 Because of L.S.D.

Do You Live in Denbighshire?

DENBIGHSHIRE is the shire, or county, of Denbigh, or Denby, which probably means the dwelling of the Dane, though some authorities think it is from din bach, the little hill.

Puzzle Rhyme



Can you read this verse?

Solution next week

LADY: "What have you got today in the shape of celery?"
 GREENGROCER: "Well, we've got some rhubarb; that's the nearest."

A Tongue-Twister

HUGO EASTON saw you go east on the Great Eastern. When you go east on the Great Eastern Hugo Easton will go east on the Great Eastern too. So, as you go east with Hugo Easton, Hugo Easton will go east when you go east on the Great Eastern.

THERE was once a black nigger coon
 Who cried every night for the moon.
 So they took him a trip
 In a whopping airship,
 And gave him a slice in a spoon.

Buried Animal

A PART of me in rain,
 A part in hail, must be,
 A part belongs to pain,
 A part in bones we see,
 A part in gleaming gold,
 A part in common copper,
 A part in peace behold,
 A part in any topper;
 Two parts are heard in sound,
 And in our finals found.

THERE was a great booby of Sidon
 Who never could ride unless tied on.
 In a passion he flew
 And bought him some glue,
 Saying, "Thus will I stay on in Sidon."

A Little French Made Easy



Le marteau La rose La bouée
 Le marteau enfonce les clous
 Les roses fleurissent au mois de juin
 La bouée sert à indiquer la route



Le dirigeable Le crabe Le vase
 Le dirigeable a passé par ici
 Si le crabe vous pince, vous criez
 Mettons les fleurs dans ce vase



Wishy Wasby

The Duke and the Bone

The Duke of Wellington once had his life endangered by one of the small bones of a wing of a partridge when he was dining. Shortly afterwards this poem appeared:

STRANGE that the duke, whose life was charmed
 'Gainst injury by ball and cartridge,
 Nor by th' Imperial Eagle harmed,
 Should be endangered by a partridge.

'Twould surely every one astound
 As soon as ever it was known,
 That the great conqueror of Boney,
 Himself was conquered by a bone.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Lewis Carroll's Puzzle

Tablet. Half cat—tab; half hindrance—let; head and tail removed—able; replace the head—table.

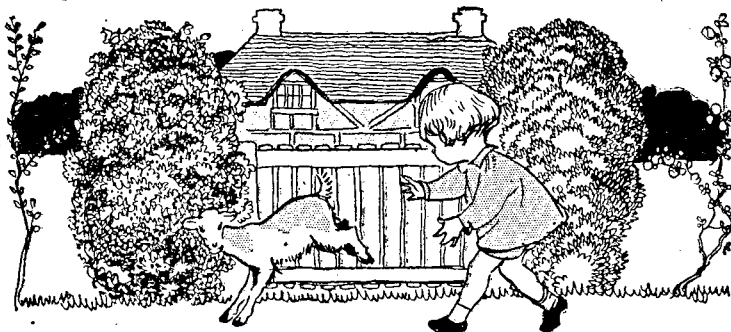
A Picture Lesson in Geography
 The village is Bolas.

The Adventures of Jerry

TOLD BY MARGARET LILLIE

CHAPTER 3

Jerry scrambles on to a haycart, and goes off on an adventure. When the farmer finds him, and wants to take him home, Jerry says to himself "I won't go!"
 THE man soon came back with the ladder. He carried it to the cart, set it firmly against the hay, climbed up, and brought Jerry down. He gave him a little pat on the shoulder. "Now, run in the kitchen," he said, "while I put up the old horse; then I'll find you a bit of something to eat before I take you home."



The little goat darted away in leaps and bounds

Jerry turned obediently towards the house. He didn't mean to go home just yet, but he was dreadfully hungry.

He walked up to the open door and peeped in. It looked ever so cosy. It was a big, comfy kitchen, with a red fire in the grate, and in front was a great black cat, lazily licking her paws. Jerry went in.

"Get out! Get out!" screamed something in his ear.

Jerry jumped back in surprise. On a perch behind the door sat an ugly white parrot with a yellow beak. He looked so fierce, and went on screeching so horribly, that Jerry turned and ran out into the yard.

A little baby goat was nibbling the grass by the side of the gate, and, as Jerry went up to it, it flung up its back legs and darted away in leaps and bounds across the yard into the barn.

Jerry laughed and ran after him. Just then back came the man. Jerry heard him stride into the kitchen, and call out his name in a big voice. He heard the parrot screech "Get out! Get out! Get out!" and then tramp! tramp! tramp! with his heavy boots, out came the man again.

He called and called, and all the time Jerry never said a word. He came into the barn at last and looked round, and Jerry slipped behind a sack and crouched down.

"Well! Of all the young pickles!" said the man. "I suppose he's gone off home."

He went into the stables, saddled a fresh horse, and rode away down the lane. Very quietly Jerry crept out of his hiding-place, peeped out into the lane, and darted off the other way.

More of Jerry next week

Jacko Minds the House

FATHER JACKO and Mother Jacko were to spend the night with Uncle Sam, and, as Adolphus was away, Jacko was left in charge.

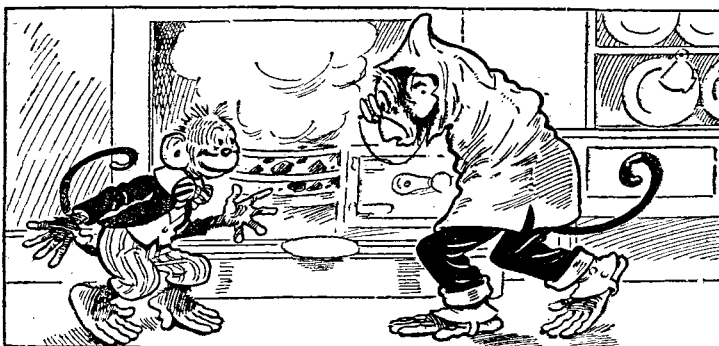
He strutted about the house, swelling with pride, till long after his usual bedtime, and then he locked up carefully, put out the lights, and went upstairs to bed.

Meanwhile, Mother Jacko was not enjoying her evening. "I can't bear to think of that boy all alone in the house," she said at last; and, late as it was, poor Father had to put on his hat and go back home.

He tried to go in quietly, but Jacko heard him, and cried "Burglars!" He darted to the door and crept downstairs.

A man was leaning over the kitchen table. Quick as lightning Jacko caught up an old sack, and flung it over his head.

There was an angry cry, a loud tearing noise, and through a hole in the sack appeared—Father's head!



Through a hole in the sack appeared—Father's head!

Who Was He?

The Ploughman Poet

FROM the plough to poetry is a journey that has not often been made, but one who took the step became, not only the greatest poet of his country, but, as many critics think, the greatest master of certain forms of poetry of all countries.

He was born in 1759. His father sent him to a school where he had an excellent training in literature, and when he was about sixteen he wrote his first poem.

But he allowed jovial companions to influence him in a wrong direction, although one, at least, encouraged him to go on with his poetry.

After working at flax-dressing for a time he returned to farming, and spent his evenings in reading and writing. After his father's death he rented a farm in partnership with his brother, but he was fonder of writing poetry and discussing literature and theology at the village club than of following the plough. This meant that the farm was not a great success, and, becoming disheartened, the poet decided to emigrate to the West Indies.

In order to get sufficient money for his passage he published his first volume of poetry which brought him in £20. Thereupon he decided to bring out a second edition instead of emigrating. The publisher, however, would not run the risk unless a sum of money, beyond the poet's means, was first provided, and so the young man borrowed a pony and rode off to the capital, where he was received with open arms by a circle of distinguished people.

One of the greatest writers his country has produced met the poet when he was a boy, and afterwards said: "I never saw such an eye in any human head."

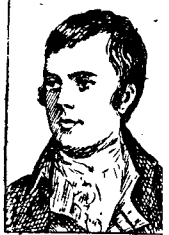
By the second edition of his book, issued in the capital, the poet eventually realised £500.

Finding he could not make farming pay the poet took a post in the Excise, and lived an exciting life. On one occasion he led a band of soldiers in an attack on an armed smuggling vessel. He was first on board and when the ship was condemned the poet bought the four cannon and sent them as a present to the new French Republic. This naturally aroused the suspicions of his own government, and he nearly lost his Civil Service post.

He continued to write songs and poems, some of which have become world-famous.

After a long illness he died in 1796, and it was said of him that he was never known to descend to any mean act. Here is his portrait. Who was he?

Last Week's Name—Frances Burney



The Children's newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

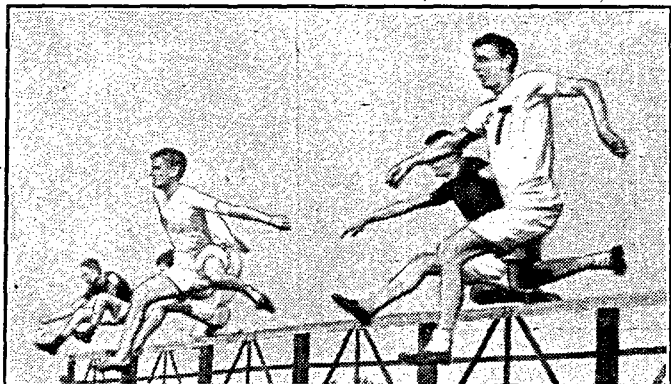
CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

May 22, 1920

Every Friday, 1d.

Postage of the Children's Newspaper is 1d. inland, 1d. abroad. A year's postal subscription, inland, 11s.; abroad, 12s. 6d. A year's postal subscription to its monthly companion, My Magazine, is: British Isles, 16s.; Canada, 13s.; elsewhere, 13s. 6d. In South Africa, Canada, and Australasia all subscriptions must go through the agents given below.

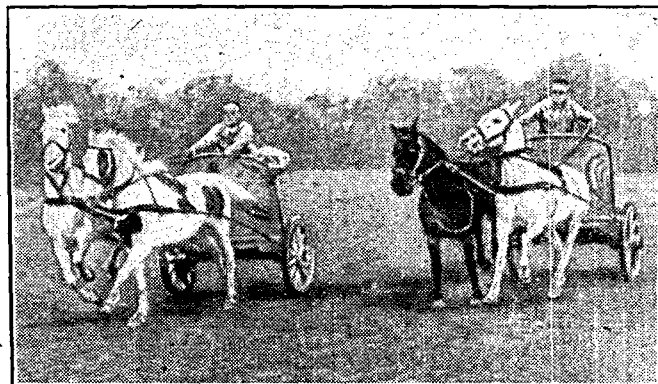
CHARIOT RACE IN LONDON · BOY WHO LOST A THRONE · PIT-HEAD SCHOOL



Like chaff before the wind—Young airmen from the Royal Air Force College, cadets from the Royal Military Academy, and undergraduates from Christ Church, Oxford, take a flying leap over the hurdles at a Woolwich athletic meeting



The wonderful fiddler—Jascha Heifetz, a Russian youth, who has just come to London from America after astonishing everyone there by his marvellous playing. See page 2



A chariot race in London—At a circus in the eastern suburbs of London, run entirely by ex-soldiers, a great feature is a race between Roman chariots, as shown in this picture. The horses enter into the spirit of the contest, and the end is always exciting



Boy who lost a throne—China's ex-emperor, 14 years old, who is virtually a prisoner, is said to be engaged to the Chinese President's daughter. He writes English quite well. See page one



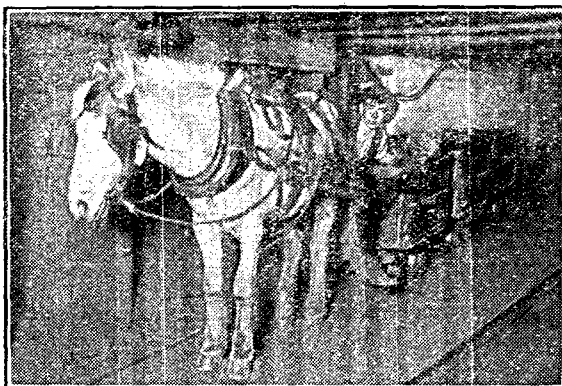
When will the bubble burst?—Sir Isaac Newton, when a man, greatly astonished an old lady by blowing bubbles in his garden to study the properties of light. This little girl, daughter of an American millionaire, is blowing a big bubble in a competition at a children's bazaar in New York



Breaking the law in the park—This goat in a London park takes no notice of the bye-laws, but goes about helping itself to the leaves on the trees without fear of the consequences



Boy traveller has a good send-off—Sydney Richardson, a fourteen-year-old London boy messenger, leaving for America. He was sent to New York with important contracts by a well-known music publisher



Young coal-miners at the pit-head school—The Ashington Coal Company, in Northumberland, has arranged a splendid scheme by which its young miners can take a special five-year course of study. The miners are given two days off each week with full pay, and in addition there are afternoon and evening classes on working days. On the left a pit-boy student is seen in the mine with his pony and tubs, and on the right is shown a group of miners at their studies



Millions of tulips in bloom—This is not a scene in Holland but in Cambridgeshire, where, round the Wisbech district, tulip-growing has become a great industry